

# New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 328.

**JUNE ROSES.**  
BY EBEN E. RExford.

There's a gleam of red in the garden,  
And a breath of balm on the breeze,  
And a fragrance of roses,  
Are blossoming under the trees.  
Of all the flowers of the summer  
None are so sweet as these.

But there comes a pain with the fragrance  
Out of the heart of the rose;  
A memory, tender with sorrow,  
Of one who no sorrow knows.  
Who walked with me, only last summer,  
And gave me a red June rose.

And she gave me her heart with the flower.  
Oh, never a finer than blows  
Is sweet as the hours of the spring.  
That she gave me with a rose.  
Darling, the blossoms have faded,  
But your heart no fading knows!

I bend o'er these royal blossoms,  
A-swing by the garden-wall,  
And my heart is astir in my bosom  
As it heard your call.  
Where are you, oh, my darling,  
Sweetest June rose of all?

Oh, my love! like a summer blossom  
You do not fade with the year.  
Died, but the heart you gave me  
I hold in my keeping still!  
I shall keep it forever and ever;  
Mine through all good and ill!

But I fancy each fallen blossom  
Will some day blossom again,  
And the hopes that died with the roses,  
Like the hopes of so many men,  
Will come back in the June of Heaven,  
And then, oh, my darling—then!

## LA MASQUE, The Vailed Sorceress; OR, THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION, AND MYSTERY.  
BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,  
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN  
SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"  
"ERMINIE," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

THE COTTAGE PAGE.

The search was given over at last in despair, and the doctor took his hat and disappeared. Sir Norman and Ormiston stopped in the lower hall and looked at each other in mute amaze.

"What can it all mean?" asked Ormiston, appealing to the society at large to that he was bewildered.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Sir Norman, distractingly; "only I am pretty certain, if I don't find her, I shall do something so desperate that the plotters will be a trifle inclined to it."

"It seems almost impossible that she can have been carried off—doesn't it?"

"If she has!" exclaimed Sir Norman, "and I find out the abductors, he won't have a whole bone in his body two months hence."

"It is more impossible that she can have gone of herself," pursued Ormiston, with the air of one entering upon an abstruse subject, and taking a body wrapped in a sheet, which they put in a peasant's going by, and had it buried, I suppose."

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"I am to think now of La Masque's prediction—dare you doubt still?"

Ormiston, I don't know what to think. It is the same face I saw, and yet—"

"Well—and yet?"

"I can tell you, I am fairly bewildered. If we don't find the lady at her own house, I have half a mind to apply to your friend, La Masque, again."

"The wisest thing you could do, dear fellow, if any one knows your unfortunate beloved's whereabouts, is to La Masque, depend upon it."

"That's settled now, and I don't talk, for I don't like this smart course I don't admire."

Ormiston, like the amiable, obedient young man that he was, instantly held his tongue, and they strode along at a breathless pace. There was an unusual sense of alarm that night, when the hour of midnight to kindle the myriad of fires, and as the two tall, dark figures went rapidly by, all supposed it to be a case of life or death. In the eyes of one of the party, perhaps it was; and neither halted they, nor even more than a light of an eye, whence a short time previous they had carried the death-cold bride. A row of lamps over the door-ports shed a yellow, uncertain light around, while the lights of barges and wherries were seen along the river.

"There is the house," cried Ormiston, and both paused to take breath; "and I am about at the last gasp. I wonder if your pretty mistress would feel grateful if she knew what I have come through to-night for her sweet sake?"

"There are no lights," said Sir Norman, glancing anxiously at the darkened front of the house; "even the link before the door is unit. Surely she can not be there."

"That remains to be seen, though I am very doubtful about it myself. Ah! who have we here?"

The door of the house, in which they opened, as he spoke, was a figure—a man's figure, wearing a slouched hat and long, dark cloak, came slowly out. He stopped before the house and looked at it long and earnestly; and, by the twinkling light of the lamps, the friends saw enough of him to know he was a tall, dark-looking gentleman.

"I should not wonder in the least if that were the bridegroom," whispered Ormiston, maliciously.

Sir Norman turned pale with jealousy, and laid his hand on his sword, with a quick and natural impulse to make the bride a widow forthwith. But he was a man of sense, and, as the tall, dark-looking gentleman, after a prolonged stare at the premises, stepped up to the watchman, who had given them their information an hour or two before, and who was still at his post. The friends could not be seen, but they could hear, and they did so, very earnestly indeed.

"Tell me, madam, for I must know!"

"Then you shall; but, remember, if you get into danger, you must not blame me."

"Blame you! No, I think I would hardly do that. Where am I to seek for her?"



"So, Sir Knight—for such I perceive you are—you are anxious to know something of that old ruin yonder?"

"At the King's Arms—not a stone's throw from here. Farewell."

"Good-night, and God speed you!" said Ormiston, as he turned his cloak close about him, he leaned against the doorway, and, watching the dancing lights on the river, prepared to await the return of La Masque.

With his head full of the adventures and misadventures of the night, Sir Norman walked thoughtfully on the quay, watching the King's Arms Inn on the bank of the river. To his dismay he found the house shut up, and bearing the dismal mark and inscription of the pestilence. While he stood contemplating it in perplexity, a watchman on guard before an adjacent brick house advanced and informed him that the wretched family had perished of the disease, and that the landlord himself, the last survivor, had been carried off not twenty minutes before to the plague-pit.

"But," added the man, "seeing Sir Norman's look of anxiety, I will tell you where he wanted, 'tis there are two or three hours around there in the stable, and you may as well help yourself; for if you don't take them, somebody else will."

This philosophic logic struck Sir Norman as being so extremely reasonable, that without more ado he turned his steps in that direction, and selected the best it contained. Before proceeding on his journey, it occurred to him, that, having been handling a plague-stricken patient, it would be a good thing to get his cloak fumigated; so he stepped into a neighboring apothecary shop for that purpose, and provided himself also with a bottle of aromatic vinegar. Thus prepared for the worse, Sir Norman sprang on his horse like a second Don Quixote striding his good steed Rozinante, and sallied forth in search of adventure. These, for a short time, were of rather dismal character, for hearing the noise of horse's hoofs in the silent street at the hour of the night, the people opened their doors as he passed by, thinking it the pest-cart, and brought forth some miserable victim of the pestilence. Among his visits from the revolting spectacles, Sir Norman took the bottle of vinegar with him, and, riding rapidly till he reached Newgate. There he was stopped until his bill of health was examined, and that small manuscript being found all right, he was permitted to go on peace. Everywhere he went the seal of the pestilence was visible over all. Death and Desolation were abroad. Outside as well as inside the gates, great piles of wood and coal were arranged, waiting only the midnight hour to be fired. Here, however, no one seemed to care; for the roar of the flames broke the silence but the distant rumble of the pest-cart, and the ringing of the driver's bell. There were lights in some of the houses, but many of them were dark and deserted, and nearly every one bore the red cross of the plague.

It was a gloomy scene and hour, and Sir Norman's heart turned sick within him as he noticed the pain and devastation the pestilence had everywhere wrought. And he remembered, with a shudder, the prediction of Lily, the astrologer, that the paved streets of London would be like green fields, and the houses like monuments. And he remembered, too, that before this, he had grown hardened and accustomed to death from its very frequency; but now, as he looked round him, he almost resolved to ride on, and leave the pestilence to London till the plague should be left in it. But the thought of his unknown lady-love, and with it the reflection that he was on his way to find her; and, rousing himself from his melancholy reverie, he rode on at a brisker pace, heroically resolved to brave the plague or any other pestilence, like a knight in full armor, and with a bold and lover-like resolution, he had got on about a mile further, when he was suddenly attacked in his rapid career by an exciting, but in no way surprising little incident.

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It was a gloomy scene and hour, and Sir Norman had come within sight of another horseman, riding on at a leisurely pace, considering the scene and the hour. Suddenly, three other horsemen came galloping down upon him, and the leader, presenting a pistol at his head, requested him, in a stentorian voice, to give up his life. By way of reply, the stranger instantly produced a pistol of his own, and before the astonished highwaymen could comprehend the possibility of such an act, discharged it full in his face. With a loud yell the robber receded and fell from his saddle, and in a twinkling both his companions had drawn their pistols at the traveler, and bore, with a simultaneous cry of rage, down upon him. Neither of the robbers had taken effect, but the two enraged highwaymen would have made short work of their victim had not Sir Norman like a true knight, ridden to the rescue. Drawing his sword, with a vigorous blow he placed another of the assassins at "combat; and, delighted with the idea of a fight to stir his stagnant blood, was turning (like a second St. George at the Dragon) upon the other, when that villain, thinking direction the better part of valour, turned and fled. The robbers had not occupied five minutes, and Sir Norman was scarcely aware the fight had begun before it had triumphantly ended.

"Sir Norman, share and share alike!" was the stranger's cool exclamation, as he deliriously lay in a pool of blood-stained sword and placed it in a velvet scabbard. "Our friends, there, got more than they bargained for, fancy. Though, but for you, sir," he said, politely raising his hat and bowing. "I should probably have been ere this in heaven—or the other place."

Sir Norman, deeply edified by the easy song of the speaker, turned to take a second look at him. There was very little light; for the night had grown darker as it wore on, and the few stars that had glimmered faintly at his departure were now gone. It struck Sir Norman that there was a sort of fatality in their meeting; and his pulses quickened a trifle, as he thought that he might be speaking to the assassin of his beloved friend. He had so suddenly conceived such a rash and impulsive attachment. That personage meantime having recovered his pistol, with a self-possession refreshing to witness, replaced it in his doublet, gathered up the reins, and glancing slightly at his companion, spoke again.

"I should thank you for saving my life, I suppose, but thanking people is so little in my line that I scarcely know how to set about it. Perhaps, my dear sir, you will take the will for the deed."

"An original, this," thought Sir Norman, "whose words are like a song." "Pray don't trouble yourself about thanks, sir. I should have done precisely the same for the highwaymen, had you been three to one over them."

"I don't doubt it in the least; nevertheless, I feel greatly relieved that you have saved my life all the same, and you have never been seen before."

"There you are mistaken," said Sir Norman, quietly. "I had the pleasure of seeing you scarce an hour ago."

"All," said the stranger, in an altered tone, "and when?"

"On London Bridge."

"I did not see you."

"Very likely, but I was there none the less."

"Do you know me?" said the stranger; and Sir Norman could see he was gazing at him sharply from under the shadow of his slouched hat.

"I have not that honor, but I hope to do so before we part."

"It was dark when you saw me on the bridge—how comes it then, that you recollect me so well?"

"I have always been blessed with an excellent memory," said Sir Norman, carelessly, "and I know your dress, face and voice instantly."



happened to be, there was a power in his good-natured, comical face, and his extravagant, humorous speech, that kept down distrust of evil motives.

"I would like to know, Kit," Tom said, "why you ever happened to be among the robbers."

"Well, sir; the straight of the story, if we run it back to the place of beginnin'," he said, ejecting a volley of tobacco-juice forward over his horse's head, "dates January the tenth, Am'y Dominy eighteen hundred an' fifteen. Old aunt Peggy Bandy, as the folks called her, was originator of the hull affair, and a leetle, long-legged baby war heard to sound its bugle one mornin' of the aforesaid year, in the Bandy cabin; and from that day on little Kit had an existence. After a few years dandlin' around on all the old weemin's laps in Oak Holler, and huggin', and squeezin', and kissin' among the little folks, I bloomed out into a real, likely tow-headed boy. Then I started to school—that place of fun and frolic. After passin' through a few years e'er-pullin', jig-dancin' and fly-killin' at school, I made a bulge and come out a young man with a sprin'kin' of luck among the female gender, and a light set of whiskers. Time passed on and I got my full set; then I began to cast about me for some trade or profession. Fust I tried stage-drivin', but that didn't gee; so I next tried shoemaking, but I couldn't larn to drive a peg to save my sole. So next I started a grocery down at the Cross Roads, but as whisky war the only thing in demand in that risticratic district, I couldn't stand it; so I give away what flour I had on hands, drunk up my stock of whisky at cost, and took to the ministry. This kem the nightest of any of them bein' the shoe that fit. But, I couldn't stand the pressure of four revivals a year—too much kissin' and huggin'. I wouldn't a' minded it so much if the work 'd been done by them as you like; but, if that war an ugly old tarmagrant of a woman in the congregation, she was surer than thunder to monopolize the best kissin' and huggin' position in the Black Hills, Kit?" Tom asked.

"Haydoogins of gold war to be had for the diggin', Paul and the men have panned out several dollars a day to the man. They'll make a big thing of it yit if the sojers don't find 'em out and histe 'em. I tell ye they war mighty uneasy 'bout you fellers: they war afraid you'd strike a lead, communicate the fact outside, and then bring in others. It war all I could do to help Aree to save your lives."

"Who's Aree?" questioned Tom.

"Why, the angel that descended in the fine wire basket and liberated you in the sojer's camp, that's who. She's the pet of the band, and—"

"Well, now, Kit," Tom said, "you are coming to the point. Let us hear something about that girl."

"She's a beauty, capt'in—a regler beauty, and great horn of Joshua! what a tempest she's got when you ride her up! As I war goin' to observe, she's the pet of the band, and if any man insults her in the least, she just deliberately shoots him down, and the rest cry, 'so be it.' That's five weemin' among the band, but none of them can shine up to Aree, the Princess. She's the darter of the lieutenant of the band, Ivan Van Pruss; and would you believe it, capt'in? that girl loves you like all tarnation. I'd die to have her love me the way she does you," and the old man burst into a peal of hearty, rollicking laughter that set the young miners into a roar.

"Was she sent to release me to-night?" Tom asked.

"Yes; her father wanted to know whar your camp was, so he ordered her to dress up like an angel and go down in the invisible wire elevator and cut your bonds while the sojers slept. Then she war to invoke the blessing of some saint, and make the sign of the cross on your breast and back. The last was to be made with phosphorus, arranged handily on the haff of her knife, so's its shine would guide us to your camp. She didn't want to do it, but when her father told her he would shoot you dead what you sat confined unless she did, why, she consented to go down. I also promised her that I'd see that you got off safe, and so down she went, the brave, fearless angel, in the wire elevator, which is worked by a pulley on the ledge above."

"Exactly," replied Tom, with an air of satisfaction; "that ledge you speak of is concealed among the tree-tops, and leads into a cavern."

"Precisely, and a magnificant place it is, capt'in."

"A thin wreath of smoke rising in that vicinity is what drew me up there, and got me into trouble."

"Indeedy! Well, you may thank your stars that you got away—Harkee! harkee!"

All turned their heads and listened. The clatter of hoofs, coming down the valley, fell upon their ears.

"Danger, boys! haydoogins of it, by the horn that shook old Jericho's wall!" exclaimed Kit Bandy, and his long legs began warping outside onto the roof. Out come Sabe after me, jawin' away. It was nip and tuck awxit her tongue and the bang of the thunder, and rush and roar of the water, to which the continual blaze of the lightnin' added somethin' of awful consideration. The water kept a-creepin' higher and higher until the roof of the cabin began to sway and totter. I seed it couldn't stand much longer, and so I made a leetle for a tree near and landed among its branches. Then I beseeched my darlin' to folter, but she just up and snorts out with a tragic air: 'Never! never! base wretch!—never will I seek safety on the same tree with you—no, nev'r, NEVER!'

The young miners followed his directions, inasmuch as it was their previous intention to take the course, and then he resumed his story.

"Well, the water soon got up into the loft, and then I peeled off some shingles and clim'd outside onto the roof. Out come Sabe after me, jawin' away. It was nip and tuck awxit her tongue and the bang of the thunder, and rush and roar of the water, to which the continual blaze of the lightnin' added somethin' of awful consideration. The water kept a-creepin' higher and higher until the roof of the cabin began to sway and totter. I seed it couldn't stand much longer, and so I made a leetle for a tree near and landed among its branches. Then I beseeched my darlin' to folter, but she just up and snorts out with a tragic air: 'Never! never! base wretch!—never will I seek safety on the same tree with you—no, nev'r, NEVER!'

"She knew durned well she couldn't jump to the tree, and so did I; and that's why I asked her. But the next minute the roof floated off with Sabe upon it, and as she went a-scuddin' down the valley, I groaned out and bid her farewell.

"Bless God for the torrent, 'war the awful critter's reply; 'it will be a divorce to me. You'll soon be drowned out of that tree, while I'll float down to the flats and call out some one to my rescue,' and away she went, hollerin' back fur as I could hear, settin' bolt upright on the roof with her hair a-flyin' and a-whippin' in the wind. The thunder tossed and tumbled overhead; the wind whistled and screamed like a hundred Sabinas; the lightnin' licked the sky with a thousand forked, quiverin' tongues of fire, and the torrent roared awfully. But fur as I could see, Sabe was herself, and shakin' her fist back at me—now and then takin' turns with the storm-winds to tryin' to laugh like a maniac. But, finally she disappeared, speak in the distance. Wal, to make the story short: I weren't drowned, as the sweet-scented Sabe had hoped, for the water went down, and so did I. But that war'n't corner-stun of the Bandy's palatial residence left; and so in order to leave the impression that we war both drowned, for I knew Sabe would be, I made myself seldom in Hellaboloo Gulch, and after five years knockin' about, I drew up in Austin, Nevada. Thar I figgered lively for a spell; shawed up a few Injins, knocked the stuffin' out of a few Chinamen, and otherwise regulated things in that immoral, corrupt place. The

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

The Cross of Carlyn:

OR,  
THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PLOTTERS AT WORK.

We return to the house of Arly & Arly. Though the building was dark without and silent within, a dim light burned in the apartment adjoining the parlor, in which had transpired another and bold plan concerning Christabel.

Preston Arly and his hoary mustached son sat grimly at a red-covered table. The former leaned far back in his seat, till his pointed chin nigh touched his shirt-stud, limbs elongated outward, and snaky arms folded tight over his narrow breast; the latter sat upright, rigid, frowning, one set of fingers drumming noiselessly on his knee-cap, and his eyes wandering at impatient intervals toward the window—a window overlooking a courtway at the side, leading west from a street which, on the city map, appears without a name. Their attitude was statue-like, but in the faces was a simile expression of expectation.

Christabel had disbursed immediately upon the departure of her guests; the attendant maid was slumbering in the room next to the apartments of her mistress.

But sleep came reluctantly to Christabel. Like Gerard Vance, her mind was confused over those developments which had not been foreseen in the programme of the evening.

"A' right. Can't stand up, sit down lie bit

next criminal act I did war to fall in love again."

"Again!" exclaimed Idaho Tom, "after your former experience in love matters?"

"Yes, again, durned ole fool that I war. But I could not help it. Hagar Ann Forgot just forgot right to me, and what else could I do? Then, to acknowledge the fact, she resembled my lost Sabina, more or less. She war better-lookin', though, than Sabe ever war; and much handsomer. She had coal-black hair—Sabe had red—fair complexion and some accomplishments. She war far more refined than old Sabe, and never got drunk nor swore even if she did lose a hand at poker. But to shorten up again, we war married one day, and just as I war about to plant the weddin' kiss on her lips, what should she do but draw back with clenched fists and glarin' eyes, that revived thoughts of my lost darlin' and exclaim: 'Nary kiss, you dasted, ornery old hypocrite! nary kiss, Kit Bandy! I've worked, and plotted, and planned, and dyed my hair, and powdered my complexion these years to bring about this, old oil blind fool. Ha! ha! if ye don't 'scape the torrent, you won't 'scape the vengeance of that woman—that very old Sabine, the deceivin' critter. Great horn of Joshua! how fine she played Hagar Ann Forgot. But I pulled up and left Austin and went over to Varginny city, whar I became another man—settled down, war elected justice of the peace, and called Squire Bandy. Finally I left there, and the tide of old time tossed me up here 'mong Prairie's band, whar I've been doin' some huntin', some minin', and—"

"Some stealin'," added Darcy Cooper.

"As that's a heaven, I never stole a thing from an honest man in my life; nor has Prairie Paul been doin' much thievin' since I've been with him—more minin' than anything else."

"What is your opinion of the gold prospect in the Black Hills, Kit?" Tom asked.

"Haydoogins of gold war to be had for the diggin', Paul and the men have panned out several dollars a day to the man. They'll make a big thing of it yit if the sojers don't find 'em out and histe 'em. I tell ye they war mighty uneasy 'bout you fellers: they war afraid you'd strike a lead, communicate the fact outside, and then bring in others. It war all I could do to help Aree to save your lives."

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Christabel was not mistaken in the sound resemblance to the front of the house, in which she saw the Jerome of earlier time, and seemed to hear again the warning he had at last—chaos.

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THE MARCH OF THE WARRIOR DEAD.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

In many a valley broad and fair—  
On many a historic plain—  
The warrior dead of olden times  
Spring into life again.

I hear their martial tread;  
Oh! what a sight for mortal eyes—  
The march of the warrior dead!

They rise who fought with Cœur de Lion  
In Palestine, and well;

The steel-clad knights of Agincourt  
March with the men of Tell,

And yonder forms a gallant host,

Immortalized by pen;

Six hundred spears are shining in

The morrow's dark glen!

Brave!—the forms that bloom  
Upon Arbel's banks;

A spectral Alexander forms

His Macedonian ranks;

And as the mighty column wheel,

A distant bugle calls;

And thirty thousand Austrians march

From Prague's beleaguered walls!

The earth is shaking near their tread,

As if the world had burst,

And fast before the boar blast

Fly sounds of northern war.

Ten thousand swords amid the snow

Do shine like drops of rain;

There Charles the Twelfth is marshaling

His valiant Swedes again.

What corp'ral guard is tramping down

The slender blades of grass,

That have been for centuries

In old Morganian's Pass;

Their tread is faint, but Freedom hears.

And, smiling, turns to see

The men who broke the Austrian yoke!

The men who were free!

Whence come those ranks that o'er the field

With martial skill deploy?

They are the gallant Irish lads

With their bayonet's play!

Each man's a man with wrongs to right

In battle's gory brunt;

They shout! they charge! twas thus they broke

Old England's vaunted front.

Now yonder come ten thousand steeds—

And Massinissa leads once more

His wild Numidian horse.

Full twenty thousand Franchmen ride

Behind Murat's white crest!

Oh! what a sight! my heart beats fast,

Mine eyes grow moist with tears;

To see those ranks is worth a life

Of twice ten thousand years.

Ha! there they fade, like specters grim,

And there they stand, like plain;

Now they have gone—those gallant ghosts—

Back to the dead again!

The Men of '76.

SCHUYLER.

The Patriot Without Reproach.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

PHILIP SCHUYLER's very name always excites admiration. With qualities of head and heart that endeared him to the people, his patriotism, energy and sacrifices commanded him to the whole country; and now, when time has wrought its compensations and bestowed its verdicts, he takes his place in our Valhalla as one of the most sincere, able and honorable men of the Revolution.

Schuyler came of one of the oldest and most influential families of the old Dutch *régime*, which, settling on the upper Hudson, gained and retained great influence over the Mohawk Indians—an influence which, during the Revolution, Philip Schuyler used with vast benefits to his people. He was born in Albany, Nov. 22d, 1733, but his father dying while Philip was yet a lad, he was adopted by his uncle, Colonel Philip Schuyler—a large proprietor of lands on "The Flats"—where Saratoga now stands. He was, as became one of his birth and wealth, well educated, and developed early into a man of unusual parts. When the old French War centered around Lake Champlain he entered the service, and forming an intimacy with young Lord Howe, was made, by that gallant soldier, commissary to the army—a most important trust for a young man of twenty-two. His efficiency attested the wisdom of the choice. In the campaigns, which reflected so little glory to the British arms, (see our sketches of Putnam and Stark), he was ardently employed, and it was his melancholy duty to bear the dead body of young Lord Howe to Albany, for burial. Over the Mohawk Indians he alone possessed control, and during the war he was constantly watching over the fierce red allies.

Schuyler lived in much elegance on the great estate at Saratoga, which came to him by his uncle's death, and when the "troubles" with the mother country began to assume portentous proportions the patriots found in him a zealous friend and champion. The royalist influence of the Johnson family filled all of central and northern New York with Tory partisans, and Philip's two elder brothers espoused the Royal cause; but, he never wavered in his sympathy for the rights of the colonies. His fine house became the rendezvous of whigs; and as the cause, under the inspiration of patriotism, grew in favor, Schuyler was looked to for leadership. He was a member of the Colonial Assembly—a body then composed of only a few men, chosen by the land-owners, to serve for a term of seven years. In this body his views were so pronounced, and so much in advance of the conservative and timorous king-serving policy of the majority, that he was a recognized "rebel" long before the call for action came.

To the Continental Congress which met at Philadelphia in May, 1775, he was sent as delegate from the upper counties, and hardly had he taken his seat when he was named *third* Major-General on the new army *list*, with orders to assume sole charge of the whole northern department—to organize it for offense and defense: a Herculean task, from which he did not shrink, and to effect which he did not hesitate to draw freely and constantly on his own property, means and personal influence. He threw all upon the altar of patriotism—making sacrifices that no man in all that host of patriots could emulate.

Repairing to Ticonderoga he began the work of making order out of chaos. The invasion of Canada having been ordered by Congress, (see sketch of Montgomery) he labored to arrange for that great adventure, but was so overcome by incessant duty that his health gave out, and he left the expedition to go forward under Montgomery's command, while he himself returned to Ticonderoga to attend to the multifarious interests of the department. So many discouragements literally flooded him—the recruits coming forward were so insubordinate, and their officers so new to service and command—Congress expected so much and yet did so little, that, broken in health, Schuyler intimated to Congress and to Washington his wish to resign. The correspondence that ensued reflects the high consideration in which he was held, and he was so encouraged by hopes and promises that, sick as he was, he continued the work of the department.

The sad reverses in Canada, due to the terri-

bly inefficient manner in which Congress had sustained the two expeditions of Arnold and Montgomery, served to bring discredit on Schuyler—an impression Congress unwittingly fostered by appointing General Lee to the command in Canada, and when this General was soon re-ordered to the new department of the South, General Sullivan was assigned to Canada—with yonder consultation with Schuyler. And, later, when Sullivan brought back from the North only a defeated remnant of the forces dispatched to Canada, he was met at the frontier by General Gates, who bore orders to supersede him, and Gates actually took command of an army now in Schuyler's own posts, yet held him amenable to no orders from the department commander! Such was the manner in which Congress, with its multitudinous partisanship and numerous intermeddlers, overrode all military orders and personal rights. It was Schuyler's fate to be the victim of this incessant interference by Congress; and he was only held in his place by Washington's personal petitions not to abandon his work.

When Burgoyne came down from the North Schuyler had but the merest skeleton of an army for the emergency. His troops had been drawn off to other quarters and he was left to confront his adversary with such militia as the adjoining provinces could and would contribute. How he labored in those months of the summer of 1777 to gather troops and supplies, to strengthen fortifications, to increase his artillery, his correspondence with Washington, with Congress, with the State Governors, a'ords painful evidence. Burgoyne reached Quebec in May with an army of over seven thousand men, composed largely of British veterans and German emissaries. To this General Carleton added over three thousand Canadians and Indians. The British artillery was by far the finest yet seen on the field, and every appliance was complete. The design was to move by two columns down upon Albany, and there effect a junction with Sir Henry Clinton's forces holding New York—thus severing the New England States from the Middle States, and by actual possession restoring the loyalty of New England—a well-conceived plan, but underrating both the American power of resistance and the people's devotion to their cause.

June 26th, Burgoyne's army encamped at the river Boquet, on Lake Champlain. June 30th he was at Crown Point, and proceeded with all dispatch to invest the fortress of Ticonderoga, then held by General St. Clair, with three thousand troops. Mount Defiance, a height commanding the fort, was seized by the enemy, and St. Clair abandoned the old fortification on the night of July 5th. The enemy struck the retiring column and a fierce conflict ensued. The Americans were defeated, losing nearly one thousand men, much stores, baggage, etc. St. Clair, with the remnant of his forces, reached Schuyler's camp, at Fort Edward, after a painful march through the woods, July 12th. Burgoyne then pressed on to Skeneboro, and Schuyler, abandoning Fort Edward, retired to Saratoga and beyond—obstructing all the roads and destroying all bridges as he retired. Burgoyne followed, and on July 30th his advance reached the headwaters of the Hudson at Fort Edward.

Burgoyne's auxiliary column under Col. St. Leger proceeded, by way of Oswego, to Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk (Aug. 3d). This, by aid of Sir John Johnson's forces of tories and savages under Brandt and Red Jacket, he hoped soon to capture, but its brave defense by Col. Gansevoort held the enemy at bay and gave opportunity for aid. General Herkimer, with eight hundred men, hastily gathered in Tyrone County, hastened to Gansevoort's relief, but was ambushed, Aug. 6th, at Oriskany, eight miles from the fort, and a terribly fierce combat resulted to the advantage of neither party. St. Leger pressed the siege more earnestly. The delay to reach Albany, according to Burgoyne's plan, must greatly disconcert that plan; but Gansevoort well knew that surrender simply meant massacre by the savages, whom the British could not control. Schuyler, pressed though he was by Burgoyne, and needing every man, could not hesitate to relieve Fort Stanwix, so dispatched Arnold, Aug. 20th, with eight hundred men, to succor the post. By artfully disseminating reports of his great strength, Arnold succeeded in so frightening St. Leger's Indian allies that they fled, and St. Leger himself, deceived by the *ruse*, left the ground so hastily (Aug. 23d) as to abandon even his guns, brought forward from Oswego with much labor; and Gansevoort salled out to capture camp, guns, stores, and the enemy in considerable numbers. St. Leger continued his flight to Oswego; and thus failed Burgoyne's scheme for compelling Schuyler to fall back below Albany.

Of the attempt made by the enemy to penetrate Vermont we have already written. [See sketch of John Stark]. The glorious news of these two British defeats—of Burgoyne's great straits for food, and Clinton's failure to ascend the Hudson, to co-operate with the invader, and Schuyler was astounded on the morning of August 10th to receive the "resolves" of Congress, which summoned a court of inquiry to investigate the affairs involving the loss of Ticonderoga—that being the covert method adopted for placing another in command. This indignity wounded the proud heart sorely, but with a patriotism above all personal considerations, he resolved to do his duty to the last moment, and when his successor arrived, in the person of General Gates, August 21st, the harvest was literally ripe for the sickle. Says

The continued reverses to our arms in Schuyler's department excited men in and out of Congress to clamor for a change. Washington had unimpaired confidence in the New Yorker, and counseled no change, but the disturbing influence secretly fomented by Gates (who, having found his authority at Ticonderoga subsidiary to that of Schuyler, retired in anger to Philadelphia, to air his grievances), carried the day, and Schuyler was astounded on the morning of

August 10th to receive the "resolves" of Congress, which summoned a court of inquiry to

investigate the affairs involving the loss of

Ticonderoga—that being the covert method

adopted for placing another in command.

As the negro sailed away, heading down the coast, and happy in a liberal life bestowed upon him by the generous owner of Wildilide, Erskine turned to Eve, and said, slyly:

"Mr. Clarendon will be another string to your bow, Eve."

"Perhaps so, sir; he is certainly a very hand-some man."

"And so is Captain Lambert."

"True, sir, and he is also a very good man,

and I like him exceedingly," promptly answered Eve.

"I do not doubt it; rumor says that you love him."

"Indeed, father! why I did not know that I was more kind to Captain Lambert than to a half-dozen others."

"Still, a dozen persons, ladies and gentlemen, have asked me if you were not engaged to the captain."

"Why, father?"

"True, Eve, and it is the general belief in the neighborhood—"

"There is not a word of truth in it, sir; I certainly should not have a secret from you."

"I like Captain Lambert and a number of others, but I love none of them," and Eve spoke earnestly.

"I am glad to hear it, Eve, for I do not wish you taken from me—at least yet awhile."

"There is no fear of that, my dearest father. The man I expect to marry is certainly not here."

"Now let me ask you how you like my masquerade costume?"

"Exceedingly—the dress of a Persian girl will be most becoming to you."

"Under the sad circumstances of the year past, I would rather not have had Wildilide a scene of dancing and merriment yet awhile; but then, the many kindnesses shown us by our neighbors, made me feel that we must give an entertainment in return."

"It was for my sake you did it, sir, and deeply

do I feel your kindness to me; but come, the waters are as smooth as glass so let us have a row in my little boat."

"We might as well, for a poor fish has been

to resume his command of the northern department, he refused all further offices of trust under a Congress whose ears had been only too open to calumny and false report, even against the august Washington himself.

The British had shamefully devastated his estate at Saratoga. His mansion and all it contained were given to the torch; his stock he had already consumed to feed his own army; his means he had contributed with splendid freedom to the army's needs, and he returned to his home to restore, by years of assiduous devotion, his greatly impaired fortune.

When the Federal Constitution was before the people and Assembly for adoption, he threw all the weight of his now very great personal influence in its favor, and was chosen one of New York's first national Senators. He was ready and foremost in all schemes of public interest and improvement, and his elegant hospitality made his home a rendezvous for men of note.

Schuyler's last years were darkened by great domestic affliction. First his wife, whom he loved with deepest tenderness, was taken away; then his daughter, the beautiful Mrs. Van Rensselaer, died; then her eminent son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton, perished in the duel with Aaron Burr; and under these accumulated sorrows he sank—dying November 18th, 1804.

BRIGHTLY poured the moonlight down upon the grand old mansion at Wildilide, and from every window and door came a stream of gaslight, to rival the silvery radiance of the "queen of night."

Rapidly there rolled up to the door carriage after carriage, bearing loads of ladies and gentlemen from the neighborhood for miles around, and all dressed in some fantastic costume, and wearing upon their faces impenetrable masks.

In the spacious hallways, the commodious parlors, and the grand old library, congregated the masqueraders, who soon to the strains of sweet music, were tripping "the light fantastic," or otherwise enjoying themselves.

A few elderly gentlemen and their wives were all that had come unmasks, and at the doorway stood Colonel Erskine, his handsome, gay face unhidden beneath silken folds, for he was to receive his guests.

At length the last carriage rolled up and deposited its human freight before the marble portal, the last horseman had arrived, and Colonel Erskine turned away to join a party which had met at the door.

Presently a dark form ascended the broad steps, cloaked and masked; but from whence he had come none of the loungers around the doors and windows knew, for he had not been noticed until his foot was upon the step.

Meeting him at the doorway, the servant in charge ushered him into the gentlemen's dining-room, and a few moments after he appeared in the rooms below—a tall, elegant form, clad in the uniform of an officer in the United States.

No one appeared to know him, and quietly he stalked about the rooms, attracting general attention and admiration, but totally disguised beneath his black silk mask, which fitted his face closely.

At length he seemed to attach himself to a maiden in a Persian costume—the handsomest dress and form in the room; but, unable to solve the mystery of who he was, the fair Persian soon left his arm for a waltz with Captain Lambert, for though he wore a mask, all present told the officer that his uniform and form betrayed him.

Hardly had the waltz ended, when the strange masquerader stepped up to the naval officer, and said:

"There is an arbor in the orange grove to the right of the mansion—will you meet me there in half an hour? It is most important."

Though seemingly surprised at the request, the sailor replied:

"I will be there."

As if satisfied, the army officer went leisurely to the dressing-room, and resuming his cloak and hat, left the mansion and wended his way through the labyrinth of flower-bordered walks

FORTUNIO.  
*An Old Story with a Moral for the Times.*

BY RUSTICUS.

In good old times of long ago,  
When Romance dwelt with us below,  
And Fancy had not given way;  
Her rosy rule to Fact's dry sway;  
There lived in some far unknown Eastern land,  
A happy, social, prop'st'rous family band.  
Husband and wife, three daughters fair,  
Five happy hearts within a cage,  
Three sons, all showing bright and free,  
Sweet off-shoots of the parent tree.  
The youngest is our heroine, and so  
We skip the rest to paint Fortune.

A mass of wavy ebony hair—  
A skin of olive ruddy rare—  
With cheeks of faintest crimson dye,  
A roguish mouth, a laughing eye.  
Combining with her happy, winsome face,  
A form of symmetry and perfect grace.

Life's but a chequered thing at best—  
These fit the change among the rest.  
First death, then life, then death again,  
Then trouble, some be their way.  
Grim poverty besieged their humble cot,  
And all the ills by poverty begot.

All bent beneath the cruel blow,  
Except the young Fortune;  
Her spirits were too high and free  
For rusting inactivity.  
She had no time to weep, so dried her eyes,  
Resolved by her unaided enterprise,

And willing heart effort stout,  
To from their troubles pull them out.  
She sheared her locks of hair away,  
Exchanged for her a woman's wear;  
To gain the fortune as she vowed she would,  
Bent to put away her womanhood.

For were not men renowned and great?  
While women were content to wait.  
Outside the gate that led to fame,  
Compelled to hunt for humbler game—  
To greater heights her roving fancy ran;

So she would dare the fates and seem a man.

What wonderful adventures she  
Met in her bold knight-errantry—  
What daring exploits caused her name  
To sound through courts in triumphs of fame,  
Do not the minstrel-bards and poets sing?  
She won the gracious favor of the king.

This king of all the stories had,  
Who had been born very bad,  
A daughter, who, as you must know,  
In love fell with Fortune.  
This would be well enough, in fact all right,  
But circumstances changed the thing here quite.

Some reason—but I know not why—  
The man she loved must surely die;  
The king pronounced the doom of woe  
On unlucky Fortune.  
Like she whose lord offended great Pizzaro,  
Condemned to bare her breast against the ar-

rowd.

But when her breast the soldiers bare,  
Behold a white young bosom fair!

"A woman!" all the courtiers cry.

"Put up your bows, she must not die."

"Of course the king, with monarch's usual wit,  
Saw that the crime she could not well commit.

So he his pardon freely gave,  
And very glad was he to save;  
So young and beautiful a life;  
He gave her to his son to wife.  
At last the greatest triumph she could show

Was gained by being *Miss Fortune*.

All tales their moral have they say—

The poor mind on breeches' notes,

Revolt against their petticoats,

The sanctuaries of the male invade,

In politics, the pulpit, stage and trade.

But or do they what they will;

Be sure they will be women still;

Some accident will surely reveal

The soft white breasts caught can conceal;

In other words, their very womanhood

Will make their best success their greatest good.

## The Masked Miner:

OR,  
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,

AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD,"

CHAPTER XXIX.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

The sun had been up for an hour, the next morning, when the tall, aristocratic Mr. Morton went forth from the humble cabin of the miner. And when he left it was in company with old Ben, who blithely took his way toward the "Black Diamond," where he was still a valuable hand.

The stranger did not in the least seem ashamed of old Ben's humble, grimy miner's suit, nor of the plain, unpretending appearance of the hard-working old man. They conversed earnestly and socially together, until they reached the Mount Washington road. Here Ben struck across the hillside toward the mines, and Mr. Morton hurried on down the road, in the direction of the Smithfield street bridge.

When the stranger reached the foot of the road and stood on the abutment of the bridge, he paused a moment, and glanced up at the towering precipice of the coal hills. His eyes wandered about restlessly for a few seconds; but, finally, they settled on the black, cavernous opening of a mine. Just then a brawny figure stood by that far-away hole, but in a moment more had disappeared within the black depths.

Mr. Morton sighed gently, and then, almost instantly, a proud, triumphant smile flashed over his features. But, the smile passed off, too, and a serious, determined look settled on his fine face. Seeing, however, that he was attracting considerable attention from passers-by, he hurriedly turned about, and strode on over the bridge toward the city.

Just before he reached his hotel, at the further end of the bridge, he muttered, in an abstracted manner:

"Very strange! wondrous strange! These mutations their moral have they say—this mysterious drama! 'Tis difficult to forget past events. There's foul play, double-dealing, rascality somewhere! It may be well to investigate the matter; something curious may be brought to light, for the man is a scoundrel, if one walks the earth!"

With these strange words, Mr. Morton passed on and entered the Monongahela House, one paying any special heed to him.

This same day, after some searching about, which he did in a carriage and very leisurely, Mr. Morton engaged an elegant suite of rooms in a private house on Penn street, and had his numerous articles of baggage sent hither from the hotel. The stranger seemed to court privacy.

The conversation which was held the night before between old Ben and his visitor, was prolonged until far into the small hours

"Ayant the twa!"

And that conversation, though carried on in a low tone, was unflagging and earnest. In the course of it, several names familiar to the readers of this story were mentioned more than once.

At last, however, when the conference was closed, the stranger unceremoniously threw himself upon Ben's bed, and was soon wrapt in profound slumber.

"Tis needless, then, to detail the conversation of that night of surprise and joy to old Ben—

joy that once again he had heard from Tom Worth, his "boy."

We cannot wonder, then, after keeping such late hours, however good his company, that Mr. Morton looked somewhat haggard this morning, as he hurried into his hotel.

The day passed slowly away. After having had his baggage transferred to his room in Penn street, Mr. Morton occupied the time in writing, reading, and then, in overhauling several of his trunks.

With old Ben Walford the hours had flown swiftly, merrily away. He seemed like a new man, did this old miner, and those around him in the shafts and dark galleries of the underground world, noticed his changed demeanor, and paused more than once to hearken to his bold snatches of song, which now and then rung through the pit.

Old Ben was happy.

Why should he not be? He had "heard from Tom, and his "boy" had sent him a large sum of money!

And then, too, Ben had the promise of another early visit from the white-whiskered Mr. Morton, to whom it was evident the old miner had taken a wondrous liking.

Night had once more fallen upon the city and its suburbs. The raw autumn wind was blowing lustily, betokening by its chilly breath, the early coming of the winter. A racing squadron of leaden clouds was flying across the sky, and no moon or stars save at long intervals, mirrored their silvery images in the bosom of the broad rivers hurrying by the dark city.

It was the night after the arrival of the mysterious stranger—the night after Fairleigh Somerville's induction as owner, into the princely mansion on Stockton avenue—the night after Richard Harley was led away from the lordly dwelling, lately his, to an humble home on Cedar avenue—led away by his dove-eyed, sad-faced daughter in black.

The hour was ten, and in this sober, staid little suburb of Pittsburgh—Alleghany city—the lamp-lighters were already extinguishing the gas in the streets; for, in this exemplary borough, lone in certain localities, the citizens had long since retired for the night, and there was no need of light.

The gas lamps along the quiet, unpretending Cedar avenue had ceased to fling out their glimmer for over an hour. But, in one small, humble house on this retired street there beamed forth a light. It came from a curtainless window on the first floor of the little tenement.

Two figures, both brawny and athletic, crept cautiously along the lonely avenue. They paused once or twice to look around them, but only for a moment.

"I must—I must be satisfied!" muttered one of the men. "I cannot sleep until I have found their abode."

"Yes, yes, sir; I know your feelings, and—Hai! 'sh! 'sh! There, sir! there!" and the other sunk his voice to a whisper, even lower than that in which they had been conversing.

The first speaker paused and glanced across the street, in the direction his companion had pointed. He started as if shot, and trembling in every limb, sunk back against the fencing which skirted the Common. But he gazed again.

Just opposite from these two men was the curtainless window, aglow with light, to which we have referred. Standing in the broad flash, which sparkled from the window, was a tall, stately maiden, with a sad visage, her hair falling in disarray—her eyes red with weeping, her arms gently clasping an old man round the neck—the old man leaning motionless over the back of a chair.

In an instant, however, the maiden released her arms from the old man's neck, and going to the window flung up the sash, and drew the shutters hastily to.

The tall man without, who had staggered back against the friendly railing, slowly straightened up and whispered:

"Come, my friend; I now have seen! We must be gone!"

The two hurried swiftly away from the spot toward the black-bosomed river. As they passed a single, solitary lamp, left burning, as it were, by an oversight, the rays flashed upon them; but they were gone so quickly that he who came last was only revealed. He was an old man with a giant frame, hard-featured and honest-faced.

They hurried away, and in ten minutes entered a carriage on Federal street, and drove off toward the Suspension bridge.

The day following, about ten o'clock in the morning, an elegant carriage drew up in front of a lowly two-story house on Cedar avenue, in Alleghany city, and Felix Morton descended from the vehicle.

"Drive to the corner yonder and await me; I will come in a few moments," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the coachman, obsequiously.

Mr. Morton paused as the carriage drove off, and gazed covertly, half-pityingly at that unpretending tenement, now sheltering one who, in a former day, had boasted of his great wealth.

Just then old Ben Walford, staggering along under a huge basket, rapped at the little side alley. Ben had a holiday this morning from the mine, and a joyous glow was overspreading his face. It may have been that the holiday occasioned this; or, perhaps it was the result of the hundred pounds his absent friend Tom Worth had sent him by this same stranger.

The old man did not seem surprised at seeing Mr. Morton, though it was evident that the latter was startled at the sight of the miner.

"This is my offering, sir," said the old man in a low voice, smiling sweetly and good-naturedly.

Mr. Morton did not answer; he simply placed his gloved finger upon his lips, and turning at once, walked up the steps and rung the bell.

Old Ben disappeared in the alley, and in a moment a glad, joyous voice—that of a female—was heard welcoming him warmly. Then there was a silence, and then a sob. Then old Ben's honest words were heard saying, sternly:

"Bear up, bear up, Miss Grace! You're friends still, and you see old Ben has found you, and he thinks more o' you than ever!"

Mr. Morton's frame shook. But, suddenly, shambling footsteps were heard within the hall; then the bolt was turned by a feeble hand. The door opened, and poor old Richard Harley, sad and worn, anxious and haggard clad in dressing-gown and slippers, stood there.

The stranger evidently had need to control himself; but, despite his efforts, he shook in every limb, and a yearning, sympathizing look came to his face, as his eyes fell on the ruined ex-iron merchant. But, he managed to force a composure to his face, and self-possession in his manner.

Mr. Harley himself started back as he saw the richly-clad stranger standing there; and, do what he could, a blush of shame came to his cheeks, and then a tear dimmed his eye.

Mr. Morton pretended not to see these traces of emotion, and said, with a bow:

"I presume this is Mr. Richard Harley?"

"Yes, sir, I am he. Walk in, sir. I am poorly established as ye', sir, but—"

"Not a word, Mr. Harley," interrupted the other, hastily. "Excuse me for not entering, sir. I am somewhat pressed for time to-day, and, as I have called on business, I'll be brief, sir."

He paused for a moment, Mr. Harley looking at him all the time with wondering eyes.

"My name is Felix Morton, sir," continued the stranger, hastily. "I have been empowered by a friend of mine—a former acquaintance, I believe, of yours, long months since—to hand you this parcel. I have guarded it carefully, sir, and now beg to place it in your hands, and I wish you good-morning, sir."

Mr. Harley took the parcel as one in a dream; but, before he could speak, Mr. Morton had gone.

The old man shuffled back into the room, and sunk in a seat. As soon as he could recover himself he tore open, with trembling fingers, the stout package or envelope. A sheet of paper fell out. The old man spread it open, and took therefrom several bank-notes.

With amazement showing in every feature—more as if he was dreaming than waking—the old man again spread out the sheet, and read the following:

"MY DEAR SIR:  
I have not forgotten your kindness to me, long ago, on the East Liberty road, when you took me in and sheltered me. And though I and my fortunes, since then, have been bad, you have not ceased to remember you with gratitude, whatever your feelings have been toward me. Remember, if you can conquer unseemly prejudice—to Grace, and assure her of my unchanging love. I enclose a sum which may serve to show you—what you are worth. I am a man of no money, but I have a noble boy, Tom!"

"Tom WORTH."

The letter fluttered down, and the old man gazed speechlessly at the four fifty-pound notes which had dropped from the parcel. And then, as a heartfelt prayer of gratitude was going up from his soul, he felt a hand laid gently upon his shoulder.

Grace Harley, as always, clad in black, was standing there, and her eyes were filled with tears. Her lips were trembling, and a holy love and joy were filling her bosom.

She had read every line of Tom's letter!

## CHAPTER XXX.

A LEGAL DOCUMENT DRAWN AT MIDNIGHT.

It was a dark night, just one week after the occurrences detailed in the previous chapter. But few lights were as yet lit in the streets of Pittsburgh, and over on the black crest of the Coal Hills everything was in absolute gloom.

Though the night was somber and dismal—though the beetling line of the Coal Hills was wrapped in darkness, yet within the cabin of old Ben, the miner, a bright light was burning, brighter than customary.

The old man had company, and company which he evidently prized. The coarse shutters of the small window were closed and bolted, and the common curtain of calico was dropped before the narrow panes. Not a ray from the flaming lamp stole forth to let those outside know that there were wakeful eyes in this humble home of the miner.

Mr. Felix Morton had laid aside his coat, and was seated comfortably near the little stove. He was leaning his head slightly forward, and his face was overcast with a shade of deep, anxious thought. With this expression was mingled one of conviction and settled determination.

Opposite to him, his eyes bent intently upon his guest, was old Ben. It was plain that an earnest conversation had been held, and that now the pause was temporary.

"No, Mr. Walford," said the stranger, as if his mind was fully made up, "I am more than ever convinced that a most dastardly wrong has been committed. Ever since, on my arrival, I learned of this singular, this deplorable state of affairs, I have been thinking of the matter, and laying my plans. Fairleigh Somerville is a scoundrel of the deepest die!"

"I agree with you there, Mr. Morton; but it seems very strange to me—that I am an unlearned man—that old Harley should be so dumb, sir—so unbusinesslike, as to let the fellow take advantage of him. You know, sir, that the old man did make a big fortune, and he must have had judgment and brains to do it."

"That may all be, but I have learned enough to know that Mr. Harley spent money recklessly—that he went security for irresponsible parties—that he lost thousands upon thousands of dollars upon ventures that were mere phantoms. Now, it is not a hard matter to imagine the old man as anxious to retrieve his fortune—to make his money back, you know."

There was a pause. Old Ben seemed struck with the words of the other.

"You are right, sir, right as you always are. I see through it now," he said, approvingly.

SPRING'S AWAKENING.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Again the pulse of Nature thrills  
And on the fair awakening smile  
Bursts gloriously on winter's frown,  
Where dreariness has sat the while.  
Again the currents of her streams  
Resume their living course and flow,  
And rippling, dancing they rejoice  
While mocking winter's tardy snow.  
Again the meadows emerald green  
All smiling, in the sunlight lie  
And zealous birds their glad voices play  
With a nature, tranquil and gay.  
Again the trees are trembling with  
Their new-born leaflets soft and pale,  
While flowering shrubs in beauty bloom,  
Hushed is the winter's chilly wail.  
Again the blue-bird flits without  
And seeks scenes to him once dear;  
He chirps and builds his nest again  
In which he sits to rear  
The brood, too, has left the earth  
To find the apple-tree again,  
Which budding, soon will shower down  
The petals of its blooms like rain.  
The children happier never were,  
Than on this pleasant day in spring;  
The cloudless sky above them all,  
And 'neath their feet sweet bloom  
Of flowers, of fragrance, of roses;  
The butterflies they chase all day,  
Careless and free from field to field;  
Who would not be a child in May?  
When in the west the sunlight fades,  
The cooling shadows gather round  
And calm the brows of weary ones,  
Till they with peaceful rest are crowned.  
Again fresh vigor in the morn's air,  
They find within Spring's balmy air,  
The buoyant spirit gains fresh power,  
And harmony dwells everywhere.

Nick o' the Night:  
THE BOY SPY OF '76.  
A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIGHT AT THE DOUBLE OAKS.

ABOUT the hour of Nick o' the Night's departure from Marion and his band in company with the negro who had delivered the challenge, a solitary person rode from Wingdon Hall. The night was calm and the mellow rays of a lofty moon fell alike on horse and rider. The latter sat proudly in the rich saddle, and the dark eyes were full of fire. An empty sleeve hung mournfully at his left side, and the bridle-rein lay lightly in his only hand. He wore a handsome cavalry sabre, and there was a pistol in his belt.

After debouching upon the well-defined road that ran by the great gate, at the foot of the Wingdon estate, the lone horseman guided his steed toward the east, and rode in that direction in a walk. He did not seem in a hurry, for he even relinquished the rein and gave himself up to meditation.

At length the ride terminated, and the night rider sat in his saddle beneath the boughs of two giant oaks that grew like twins beside the road.

"I am here! Now let him meet me!" he said in a voice tinged with bravado. "If Nero finds him he will come, for I know his mettle. By George, the king! I have tested it."

The speaker was Lancaster Wingdon, and he waited with impatience for the hour of twelve.

We left him last on a bed of pain in the grand old mansion from which he had lately returned. The reader will readily recall the battle in Wingdon Hall—the fierce conflict that cost the young Tory one of his trusty arms. Long days burdened with pain followed the events of that night, and long nights of restlessness tortured the young loyalist's mind. He had sworn that he would live—live for vengeance, and his determination to conquer death aided in his restoration. He watched his strength return with an impatience which he could not disguise, and when he could wield a sabre again he shouted for joy. He practiced with the sword and the sabre during his convalescence, his father, a good swordsmen, becoming his antagonist in the mimic strife. Day after day the ring of steel resounded throughout Wingdon Hall, and the servants wondered why the crippled master practiced swordsmanship so incessantly.

When Lancaster Wingdon could mount his horse, when, with the reins over the pommel, he could ride through the Wingdon park and strike off limbs with the sabre—when he could shoot accurately at full gallop, he penned the challenge and sent his favorite servant upon his enemy's trail.

Night after night he had ridden to the oak, where until midnight he had waited for the coming of the foe. He was inclined to doubt Nero's faithfulness at last; but the colored man was true; he was hunting for the formidable wif-o'-the-wisp of the South.

Let us return to the young Tory and the night that witnessed the rescue of our youthful hero from the guns of the English dragoons.

He sat beneath the boughs of the double oaks counting the minutes, and listening intently. The least sound caught his ears, and a smile soon to be dissipated by a profound silence would wreath his lips in satisfaction.

At last there came a sound that could not be misinterpreted.

It was the noise of horses' feet, and the young Tory soon despaired two figures advancing from the west. He hastened into the road, as if to bar their progress, for a voice which had fallen upon his ears told him that one of the riders was the slave Nero.

The horsemen continued to approach until, at sight of the immovable figure in the road, they drew rein.

"Massa Lancaster!" exclaimed the negro, frightened at the youth whom he had recognized. "De Lord be with us, dar'll be a battle here, suah!"

The silence of a moment followed the dark-eyed's exclamation.

"I am here, Lancaster Wingdon!" said the white rider beside the slave.

"So am I!"

The challenge found me in the midst of victory. Marion has overtaken Captain McClinton's detachment, and, with the exception of a few who are dead, its members are prisoners-of-war. You want to fight me. I am ready; but let me tell you that the odds are in my favor. You have but one arm!"

"Which is equal to both of yours!" the young Tory replied, grafting his teeth. "I fight with any kind of weapon, and you will discover that I am no mean antagonist. Of course you rode hither to fight me, and it is not necessary to brand you coward, bandit and murderer!"

Nick o' the Night's eyes flashed.

"No! I came hither to resent the insult which none but a Tory can give!" he cried. "Being the challenged party I select. The weapons shall be the sabre; we shall retire eighty rods and charge each other at the same

moment. How do you like the plan of battle?"

"It suits me; but it gives you a chance to fly."

The young partisan bit his lip and grew pale beneath the cutting taunt of cowardice.

"When I leave this field it shall be as victor or in death," he said. "Lancaster Wingdon, dismiss your black, and let us seek our charging stations. I want no witness to this, our last battle, save the Great Jehovah!"

A moment later Nero was dismissed, and when he had retired from view the two duelists traversed the road in opposite directions.

At forty rods westward from the tree Nick o' the Night halted, and wheeled about, and saw his foe do the same in the distance.

There was a moment's silence when, as it had been agreed, Lancaster Wingdon's voice came down the road:

"Are you ready?"

"Ready!" was the response.

"Then charge!"

Two black horses struck at the same moment by sharp spurs darted forward like great cannon-balls, and the thunder of hoofs floated heavenward to die among the stars.

Closer and closer together they momentarily came, their young riders awaiting the terrible collision with flashing eyes and eager sabers. Lancaster Wingdon had dropped the reins which at the start he gripped with his teeth, and his whole soul was in the fire of the moment. His antagonist sat in the saddle with body slightly bent forward, and a gleaming saber hanging idly, as it seemed, at his right side. But his eye was on the foe, and his long hair streaming in the midnight breeze, caused him to look like a cavalier of the days of England's Charlie.

Eighty rods are soon traversed by charging horses; the thunder of hoofs was of brief duration, for, in less time than I have described the positions and looks of the duelists, they met.

Met in the moonlight just beyond the branches of the double oaks.

A second before the collision Nick o' the Night sent his body backward like the rebound of a rubber ball, and when his saber, aimed at the young Tory's head, descended with terrible force, it met another blade sweeping like a battoe toward his own cranium.

The shock was gigantic—like the meeting of two knights in olden tourney. The black horses recoiled on their haunches, and the riders were almost lifted from the saddles by the colliding sabers.

They recovered almost simultaneously.

"Go back to your charging station!" cried Nick o' the Night to his antagonist. "We must fight in this manner until you southern moon shines upon a victory."

The look he received was full of hate and courage.

"I will fight till your sword cleaves my skull, or mine yours!" was the reply, and again the young duelists retreated for the charge.

The sole witness of the duel was the partisan's dog who stood in the shadow with his eyes on his young master.

"Hark!" cried Nick o' the Night to himself, when for the second time he had taken position. "Some person is coming from the south. He must not interfere in this affair of mine. By my life! it may be Marion!"

Then, almost before the name of his chief had ceased to quiver on his lips, he gave the command for the second charge.

Again the horses sprang forward, and approached each other like arrows. The blood of each seemed tingling in their veins, and their eyes flashed like the eyes of their riders.

Nick o' the Night heard the noise of hoofs in the south. He feared that the unseen person would burst suddenly upon the dueling ground, and directly between him and his foe.

The road that led to the south joined the main one at the double oaks, and the young partisan hoped to meet the Tory beyond that point.

To do this he drove the spurs into Santee's bowels, and leaped forward in his eagerness. Would he pass the mouth of the southern road before the new-comer could dart from it and fling himself between the two horses? He bent his energies to the accomplishment of his desire, but in vain!

All at once a dark object bounded into the dueling road.

It seemed to come from the lowest boughs of the oaks, and in the center of the road it paused and remained there like a mass of iron.

The young patriot uttered a cry of horror. He threw his body erect, spoke to his horse, and flung him back upon his haunches with a powerful jerk at the rein.

Lancaster Wingdon was not so fortunate.

Singular to relate, he had not heard the sound of hoofs in the south; the wind had been against him, and he was not prepared for the sudden appearance of the apparition.

Therefore, he bounded against it with the force of the thunderbolt; he rooted it from its seemingly immovable position, and with it went to the ground with a wild shriek of terror and despair!

The papers taken from Azalea told the story of Helen's birth, and condemned Hugh Latimer.

Jotham Nettleton did not ride to the old mansion with his long-lost sister. As the reader has seen, he was borne by Nick o' the Night from the dueling-ground when she might call John to her, and let Lily live with them.

But alas! Lily was a helpless, fretful, expensive invalid; John had not succeeded very well in business; she could not bring this burden into her home with him. No, she must wait longer. That patient heart tried to school itself to do so, but it was weary work sometimes.

Lily lived for nine long years, never able to do one thing for herself. Can you realize what a task this was for Laura? And the brave patient with which she bore it!

But at last Lily was laid to rest, and Laura was free. Meantime, John had gone to build up his fortune in a newer country, and now Laura hesitated to call him back. She looked at herself in her glass. Care and thought and anxiety had faded her youthful beauty, and marked her smooth forehead with slight wrinkles. She knew that people called her an "old maid"—she was not the fresh young girl John had loved and wooed—could she offer such a wreck of her fair, bright self? Perhaps he had found new ties in the new land—she could not have expected him to sacrifice his whole life to her. No, she would not disturb him now.

She was used to giving up her hopes and plans—it did not seem so hard now, to quietly accept the lot of an old maid, and settle down to a lonely, loveless life.

So without a murmur, Laura resigned herself to her fate.

The winter after Lily's death passed, and the fresh, reviving spring came joyously into the land. One evening Laura sat in her little parlor, watching with pensive eyes the glorious sunset, when a footstep sounded at the front-door—rung through the hall—came to her door—and John Ellsworth, older, manlier, bronzed with honest labor, but otherwise just the same, stood before her!

With a glad cry Laura sprung to her feet.

"John! John! Oh, John!"

He made one step forward, held out his arms, and the next instant Laura was clasped to the heart from which she had been parted thirteen long, weary years!

A little later John held her from him, and looked down deep into her eyes.

the outlawed dragoon smiled. "But get me out of this, Nick o' the Night. I do not see that we should be enemies now."

"We are not enemies. Have you got the papers?"

"What papers?"

"Those which you took when you killed Hugh Latimer?"

"Yes," he said, after a pause. "They are in my bosom. Since that night I have been an outlaw. Colonel King's men have hunted me, so have Marion's. But I'll soon be free. Nick, I want to see my sister."

The boy extricated Jotham Nettleton, and with great difficulty assisted him to a place on Santee's back. Then he left the tragic spot, and when Nero, trembling with fear, crept from his place of concealment, he found the dawdling on his young master's forehead.

The rivalry that had existed between Nicholas Brandon and the young Tory was ended. The cause of the King had lost another sword.

THE END.

diminutive stature and a bronzed face often lit between Azalea and the Hall.

It was Francis Marion, who dismissed his band when liberty no longer needed the service of their swords!

THE END.

Silver and Gold.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THEY stood together in the staid, old fashioned parlor of the farm-house—Laura Payne and her lover, John Ellsworth. From this same room, nearly six months ago, had been carried the coffin of Laura's kind stepfather; and from the same spot, one week ago, went the coffin of her mother; and in this same room, in a very short time, John Ellsworth and Laura expected to stand for the ceremony which gave them to each other forever.

Had expected, I should have said. For these deaths had left Laura as the sole home-keeper, with load of debt resting upon the little farm, and the care of two young sisters. It was a heavy burden for the shoulders of a girl of eighteen, but Laura took it up bravely, determined to sacrifice all her own and prospects rather than betray her trust.

She sent for John, and told him what was before her, told him she could not and would not burden his life at its very outset with her weight of care. And offered him his freedom, or the alternative of waiting long years till her new duties were discharged, and she was free.

Long and earnestly John strove to combat her resolution. But Laura knew she had right on her side—she would not yield, hard as it was to resist him whom she so loved.

They stood together, John's strong arm about Laura's waist, her head resting on his broad breast, her long, rich brown hair, "gold in the sunlight, brown in the shade," falling against his shoulder, her soft brown eyes raised to the face which he bent over her.

"No, John; no, dear," answered poor Laura. "You are noble and generous, but I will not, no, John, I will not drag you down and cripple your energies at the very start with this burden of debt and these two helpless girls."

"But you, a frail woman, can assume this burden which you think too great for a strong man!"

"John, it is my sacred duty—a trust left by my dying mother, and by their father, also, and I must fulfill it. No, John. Since you will not free, we must wait."

"Oh, Laura, how long?"

"I don't know—long years, it may be—and perhaps not very many. I may succeed, and the girls, one of them, at least, may marry soon. But I will not have you bound, John. If you see another woman you can love, win her and be happy, as I would have made you, if I could."

"But you doubt it, John?"

"No. But you put me clear away from you."

"Because I must, John, not because I wish to. Please don't make my duty harder. Leave me now, John."

"Very well, Laura. I go, then. And, Laura, remember, I am always yours. I shall never seek any other. If there is such a thing as true heart-mates, I believe we are such, and if I never win you, darling, I shall never call any woman wife. Now, Laura, one promise—will you give it to me?"

"Yes, John, if I can."

"It is this—when you feel yourself free to come to me, summon me to your side. I shall wait patiently until the summons comes, but I shall not seek you till it does. Will you promise to send for me?"

"Yes, I can promise that."

"God bless you! I shall wait, hopefully and bravely as I can, for that day to come. And now, dearest, since you will it so, we must part."

They parted, "with sighs and tears, as lovers always do," and Laura took up her self-appointed task alone.

It was no light one. The farm was heavily burdened, and Rose and Lily were as helpless as two babies, or as the spoiled children they were.

But by patient industry, prudence and economy, Laura lifted the debt, little by little. When she had toiled for three years, Lily met with a fall upon the ice, and was left a crippled invalid for the remainder of her life.

In the spring after, the last payment was made, and Rose was married. Poor Laura had looked forward to these two events as the hour of her freedom when she might call John to her, and let Lily live with them.

## A BAD FIGHT TO FACE

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The eye once said unto the ear,  
"You're stuck up mighty high,  
You needn't be stuck up so much,  
Though you are higher than I."

"From aloft you hearken to  
All stories that may be,  
And every scandal on the breeze  
Is music to your drum."

"The nose turned up and viewed the eye:  
"You'd better go to sleep,  
I sure I never liked your looks—  
In neighbors' ways you peep."

"You only one to spy the faults  
And traits of your compeers;  
You need a hundred lashes more,  
And should be drowned in tears."

"The mouth then said unto the nose,  
"What business, pray, have you  
To peek in other folks' affairs,  
As now I see you do?"

"All those before us you may go  
You're sure to be the first  
In every mischief that may rise,  
And generally the worst."

"You need not sneeze, my friend, at this;  
A grudge I long have owed;  
I'd snub you, but you are too long,  
So, Mr. Nose, be blowed."

"The ear then said unto the mouth:  
"Your teeth have many bites,  
And you are full of words of spite,  
Which you at others spit."

"You've got entirely too much lip,  
I'm nearer to the top  
Than you are; you are given to talk,  
You'd better shut your shop."

"And then an awful fight began  
Which raged among them all;  
The ear hopped down and cracked the eye,  
The eye then fired its ball."

"And knocked the nose off its bridge;  
The nose then turned about,  
And gave the saucy mouth a blow;  
That knocked its teeth clear out."

## Viva's Life.

BY MARY REED CROWELL

"VIVA!" such a name for a girl I never heard in all my life! I do declare, Mrs. Austin, but it seems to me that maybe if you hadn't called her such a fancy fly-away name, the girl wouldn't be such a fancy, fly-away creature herself."

Little Mrs. Austin leaned her pale, sweet face nearer the sewing in the machine, and a tender flush of loving pride, strangely mingled with sadness, reddening her thin cheeks. "I like pretty names, Mrs. Ellcott, and Harry wanted the baby called Viva, if it was a girl. Almost the last words he said were: 'I want the little one I never shall see, to be named Viva, if a daughter comes to you.' And I always did just as he said, and I am so glad I did, for I had him such a little, little while."

Mrs. Ellcott winked hard; it troubled her rough, kindly heart to see how this patient little woman governed all her actions now—after seventeen years of widowhood as she had earlier—by what she thought the dead lover-husband of her girlhood would have liked.

"I'm sure it's no business of mine, anyhow, Mrs. Austin, only I do venture to say and hope you will let the girl have her own head. She's as pretty as a picture—the very image of what her father was when he was a boy, and her ways are very gay and—well, I suppose, some folks would say bewitching—I say giddy and light-hearted. You be careful of Viva Austin."

A little glow of anger, so seldom seen there, flamed in Mrs. Austin's eyes, and a quick response of maternal indignation defense was on her lips; but the door opened, and Viva herself came in—truly a picture, from the pale gold hair that was the exact hue of sunshine, and that seemed all a-quiver in its burnished rippling splendor, to the dainty little foot, short, faultlessly shaped, high arched, and booted so shapely and plainly as it danced in and out under her black alpaca street suit.

Truly a picture—with the big darkly violet eyes, dancing, sparkling eyes, with their thin white lids, fringed by heaviest chestnut-gold lashes, and shaded by thick brows; with the exquisite mouth so temptingly suggestive of a lover's ardent kisses, in its smiling, dimpled, pearl-teethed loveliness; with the delicate complexion like a lily petal, tinged ever so faintly with the rare hue one sees inside a conch-shell.

So plainly, poorly dressed, yet not a vestige of tawdry finery about her, Viva Austin had inherited too much of her artist-father's taste for that; so cheaply, commonly dressed, and yet a very miracle of perfect physical loveliness.

And—fly-away! headstrong! impatient of restraint? If Mrs. Ellcott had spoken truth, indeed God only could deliver her from the inevitable.

She came in, bringing the fragrance of the frosty outside world with her; with her quick, graceful step, and bowed to Mrs. Ellcott with a *grande air* a duchess might have vainly imitated. Then she threw off her plaid blanket swaddl, and little felt hat and well-mended gloves.

"A letter at last, mamma—only think! and such news!—oh! such perfectly glorious news! I am sure if Mrs. Carscallen had dreamed what happiness she has offered me she never would have kept me waiting so long. She wants me to come, mamma; she has sent for me to come!"

Viva's sweet, contralto voice was fairly vibrant with excitement, and her face one passingly sweet illumination.

Mrs. Austin's own eyes glowed, but she looked deprecatingly at the eager face before her—at Mrs. Ellcott's stern, unapproving.

"I dare say Mrs. Carscallen means you a great kindness, dear, but do you think you had better go?"

Viva bent a puzzled look on her mother's face.

"Why, mamma dear, I thought it was all settled last fall when Mrs. Carscallen and Miss Edith and—and all of them told you I had a good voice and it ought to be cultivated. Mrs. Ellcott, wouldn't it be a shame for me to lose such a grand chance? Why, I'll be a great singer—solo-prima donna maybe, and I'll earn, oh! such lots of money, and mamma shall come to New York and be so happy."

The girl's enthusiasm made her even more beautiful than ever, but Mrs. Ellcott's smile was as cold as moonlight on ice.

"Such a giddy, ignorant child as you are, Viva! Of course your mother won't let you go, and I shall uphold her in it. To tell the truth, Viva, I think it isn't so much your high-falutin' music lessons you are after, as it is that black-eyed, mustached young Carscallen that used to be forever looking up in the choir when Elder Simmons was preaching."

A sudden vivid scarlet rush in a tell-tale wave over Viva's face; then she crested her head in the haughty little way so common

with her—one of the half-unconscious faults that made people call her "too high-minded," "altogether too fly-away," "just like them Austins."

"Mrs. Ellcott, you can have no excuse for speaking that way to me; I can trust mamma to advise and reprove me."

"And do you take her advice, Viva? I'll run on home now, I've wasted my time too long as it is. Don't bear me a grudge, Viva; nor you, Mrs. Austin; only consider what I say—that New York's no place for a girl as pretty as Viva."

The girl's blue eyes glittered as the door closed on the guest.

"Mamma, don't mind what that horrid old woman says! The idea of my not going to New York because I happen to be a little bit pretty, or because Mr. Ernest Carscallen is there. Mamma, of course I know Mr. Carscallen is a rich, handsome gentleman, who will even think of a poor girl like me! And I do want to take singing lessons—oh! mamma, to me it would be almost as good as heaven to be a great singer—and, I am so tired—so tired of this little quiet town. Mamma—dear little mamma, you'll be good, and let me go, won't you?"

The girl's arms were around her neck in sweet coaxing, and her fragrant breath came in quiet exhalations.

It was a moment of fateful doubt. On one side—maternal longing that this bright creature should soar above her companions by means of the gift Nature had bestowed—an unselfish desire that the child might be happy in her own way; and on the other, a vague half-fear to trust her from the wings that bided over the house-nest.

A warm kiss from Viva's red lips thrilled the mother—and decided her, as many a pulsing kiss from eager lips has turned the scale of decision.

"Viva, dear, I will let you go, if you are sure you are willing to accept all of Mrs. Carscallen's conditions. No—don't answer me yet, dear—for the eyes were laughing into her own, and the red lips parting breathlessly; "think a moment longer. Are you willing to accept a position in Mrs. Carscallen's nursery as little Una's maid, in partial return for the musical instruction the lady is willing to give you?"

A delicious little laugh trilled silvery on Mrs. Viva's lips.

"Mamma, I believe I'd consent to be sculley-maid to go! And I'll write back at once that I'll be there on Monday."

The late twilight had fallen over the city, and a crescent moon hung in the clear dark-blue, and a big, luminous star shone goldenly near it, not brighter or more luminous than Viva Austin's eyes, as she lifted them shyly to a dark, handsome face bent very near her own—a face with a black, gracefully-curled mustache and smiling mouth.

"So you think then, little Viva, that it is too good to be true? I sure I ought to be the one to wonder at your preference for me. Honestly, I hardly expected you would answer the little note I sent to meet me here in the library at this hour. Tell me again you love me, Viva."

Mr. Ernest Carscallen lifted the girl's beautiful face, all daintily flushed, to his admiring gaze.

"Oh, please don't, Mr. Carscallen! I can tell you just as well if I don't look at you."

The gentleman laughed softly.

"No, you can't! You shall kiss me, Viva! Kiss me, dear, because I love you."

He drew her to him warmly and pressed kisses on her sweet red lips.

"If it only could be so forever! But I must go, dear, now. And to-morrow night you'll be here again! Only take good care to destroy my little love-letters, dear, will you?"

He went away in the star-shine, so handsome and grand, and Viva's heart swelled with pурest, sweetest rapture as she went into the big, well-lighted music-room to practice a difficult passage in trills.

Her splendid voice was rolling in great waves of melody that kept time to the glad beating of her heart, when Mrs. Carscallen sailed in—stealthily, haughty as an empress in her trained black silk dress, and diamonds gleaming like tremulous rainbows.

Viva glanced up, the smile on her lips frozen at the cold star it met in return.

"Miss Austin, will you have the goodness to leave the house at once? My daughter Una can dispense with the services of such an immaculate young person as yourself, who boldly makes appointment to meet my son—my son in the bay window of the library. The carriage will take you to the depot in half an hour."

Viva's heart stood still with horror—then, when all her proud young blood boiled as she sprang to her feet.

"It is not true! I never made an appointment with your son. How dare you insult me so?"

An icy little laugh scarcely parted Mrs. Carscallen's thin lips.

"That is very good, Miss Austin; I insult you, you, a young person who has deliberately made eyes at Mr. Ernest Carscallen! We need not waste words; you can leave the house at once. A telegram, explaining to your mother, will reach her before you start."

A great anguish flew to Viva's beautiful eyes, then a glow of indignation.

"You cruel, wicked woman! You need not think you can make my mother believe ill of me. I will go, but I will not have your carriage. I would die on the road first."

Her face was all ash, her slight figure trembling like a lily stalk in a gust.

"As you please. You may take your property if you want it."

She threw Ernest's note at her, and the girl's cheek blushed crimson as she picked it up—then she looked straight in Mrs. Carscallen's hard eyes.

"It is mine; your son sent it to me; you doubtless know its contents, and the answer it received. Your son loves me, madam, and you cannot hinder it."

Such an insolent laugh came through Mrs. Carscallen's closed lips.

"You brazen little imp! To think of the return you make for all I have been doing for you! He loves you, does he? And do you happen to know what the 'love' of a young gentleman of leisure and wealth means?"

Viva's eyes were steady and grave; then, a slow, pitiful pallor crept over her countenance.

"Mrs. Carscallen—you, a mother, to suggest such horror to me, a daughter!"

Her dignity was superb as she walked from the room, up to her own, to pack her trunk and take to her leave.

Not to the depot—but straight to the office where she knew Ernest Carscallen would be at that hour for a short time.

He was lounging in a big easy chair when she went in, and an odd smile of surprise and delight crossed his face.

"Why, if it isn't little Viva, so anxious to

see me she had to come after me. Sit down, dear."

Viva laid her sashel on the table.

"Mr. Carscallen, your mother has turned me out of doors because—because—she found that note you sent this morning, and she says—"

The smile had faded from his eyes and lips.

"The deuce! my lady mother found it! Viva, what a precious muddle you've got me in!"

Viva's earnest eyes never left his face.

"And because I have told you I loved you, Mr. Carscallen—because I promised to be true, come what might, I have come to ask you to come to advise me. What shall I do?"

A frown corrugated his forehead.

"Do! I am blessed if I know of anything but to go home to your mother, and take my advice and burn your notes next time."

A perfect gust of pain swept over her face; he caught the expression, and went on, more tenderly.

"But, if you stay in the city—"

Viva remembered his mother's words and knew for a sick certainty what was coming.

"Mr. Carscallen—hush! Answer me just this. Did you mean what you have been saying these past six weeks when you told me you loved me—did you mean you loved me as an honorable gentleman does?"

A little flush surged over his handsome face.

"Of course I love you, Viva, this minute as well as ever; how could a fellow as susceptible as I help it, with such a dainty, charming little girl always in the house?"

Viva grew paler, and her eyes bigger and brighter.

"Mr. Carscallen, did you intend to make me your wife when you won my acknowledgement of affection from me?"

Her voice was low, intense and vibrant. Mr. Carscallen laughed uneasily.

"What a child you are! As if a fellow could kiss a pair of sweet lips without being expected to pay the penalty of mar—"

She lifted her hand, haughtily.

"That will do, sir. I am only too thankful to have learned your many sentiments."

She walked quietly from the office, her eyes almost opalescent in their concentrated glow, her lips and face ashen blue, as she went mechanically along the streets to the depot, where she purchased her ticket for home—oh, so pitifully different from the day she had left it.

An hour after, she stepped out on the little platform, her eyes still glowing, her face still white and set, to meet the first installment of Mrs. Carscallen's revenge—to meet insolent glances from the loungers at the station who had been favored with the scathing lie of Mrs. Carscallen's telegram.

It occurred to the girl at the moment, the reason, but she only crested her proud young head the higher, and walked along to the little cottage where lights seemed flashing hurriedly from window to window—where stern faces met hers as she pushed open the door of the sitting-room, to see her pale, fragile mother lying like a broken lily on the lounge, and on the table, where all who chose might read, a telegram, signed Eugenia Carscallen, that said:

"Your daughter has committed an indiscretion that shall be nameless. She has left my roof forever."

Viva's white lips gave a moan that would have melted anything less adamantine than those stern, straight-laced women's hearts.

"Do you believe it—does any one of you believe I am what that foul lie insinuates? Does my mother believe it?"

Mrs. Ellcott smiled grimly as she raised her ear from Mrs. Austin's chest.

"She'll never tell you whether she believed it or not. She fell as if a lightning-stroke had fallen on her when she read it, and she'll never move again."

Viva stared with haunting, piteous eyes.

"My God! My God! is she dead? And nobody believes me—nobody believes me! Mother, mother—I swear it is a lie! Mother, only tell me you don't believe it!"

She threw herself beside the pale dead face in a pitiful abandon of agony.

Mrs. Ellcott's cold, not unkindly tones roused her.

"There's no use taking on like that. She's been delicate a long while—ever since you went away. Get up; I'll see to your room."

Viva struggled slowly—only to fall impishly at Mrs. Ellcott's feet.

"Tell me you don't believe it! For the love of Heaven give me one kind word, or I shall go mad!"

Mrs. Ellcott met